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EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POPULAR TALES.

WRITTEN FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

ADA LYNDALE.

[CONTINUED.]

"There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well that forehead high,
That eye-lash, and down-cast eye;
The mild expression spoke a mind,
In duty firm, composed, resign'd."—SCOTT.

"Love, human Love!—what art thou?
——— Thy print upon the dust
Outlives the cities of renown,
Wherein the mighty trust!"—MRS. HEMANS.

She was ushered, by a servant, into the parlor; but was suprised on entering to behold a young man seated by the window, with his back towards her. Her entrance did not seem to arouse him, for he did not move from his chair, or even turn his head. Ada supposed he was reading, and this was a great relief to her, for she wished to speak with no one but the landlady.

In a few moments, she entered, a plain-looking woman, as little benignity and benevolence in her countenance, as there was beauty. She bowed stiffly to Ada, and in a quiet unceremonious manner, demanded the occasion of her errand.

'I have come,' said Ada, in a voice that would have softened aught but adamant, 'to solicit a favor of you, which, at some future period, I will amply recompense you, at least, if life and health are granted me. My father being feebler to-day than usual, required more of my attention, and by this means, prevented me from finishing your sewing. As our provision is entirely spent, and I have no means of procuring any more, I have come with the humble request, that you will now pay me, what your sewing will amount to, when finished. I am aware that my request may seem impertinent; but stern necessity has compelled me to make it.'

'I am sorry,' said the woman frowing, 'that I cannot grant your request. If you will wait till next-week, madam, I will be as good as my word. But have you no friends, to whom you can apply for assistance?'

'None!' answered Ada, in a faltering voice. 'They have all fled with prosperity!'

'Well, then, cannot you beg? I am sure there are enough who would give you.'

'Begging is very humiliating, madam,' said Ada, bending forward to conceal her emotions. In this act, however, a part of the chain, which had been attached to Arthur's miniature, was displayed, and caught the eye of the landlady.

'If you are in such distressing circumstances,' said she, with a supercilious sneer,' why not sell your gold chain?'

Ada started forward, and clasped her almost transparent hands together with frantic energy. 'Oh, G[illegible] I resign my life!' she exclaimed, in an agonized voice. 'It was the parting gift of a beloved friend—a friend I shall never more behold,—and death itself would not tempt me to part with it!'

'If you place so much value upon it,' said the landlady with another sneer, 'I advise you to retain it.'

'Oh, madam!' ejaculated Ada, convulsively,' could you but know how dear it is to me, you would never sneer at me, for refusing to part with it! But it is late. For Heaven's sake madam, grant my request, and immediately too, for my poor father is suffering for his evening meal!'

'I have given my answer, and you may construe it as you please,' was the arrogant reply.

Ada threw herself on her knees before her and attempted to take her hand. 'Oh, if you have one spark of pity yet in your bosom, grant my request! Our provisions are exhausted, and my father will suffer for sustenance, if you refuse.—I can sustain hungar, cruelty, sneering, all,—but oh, heaven! I cannot see my only earthly friend expire, by want of proper nourishment! I am weak, faint and exhausted. In pity, in mercy, grant my request and I shall forever be grateful for your condescension!'

Without designing to reply, the woman shook her roughly away, and departed from the room. Ada sank into a chair and, regardless of the presence of any one, sobs, deep, broken and convulsive, burst from her heaving bosom. 'Heavenly powers!' she exclaimed, clasping her attenuated hands tightly, 'My father will surely expire by her cruelty! I am fast sinking, and can I, another long, long night, perchance, another day, withstand these gnawing pangs within!'

A hand was laid gently on her arm. She stated up, wildly, in expectation of beholding the relentless landlady; but was somewhat surprised, on seeing the young man, she noticed on her entrance. He handed her a tumbler of water, and in a kind voice requested her to compose herself.

She drank with avidity of the freshening draught, which, together with the kind manner of the stranger, greatly revived her. Thanking him in a broken voice for his trouble, she arose to depart, she scarcely knew whether, and was proceeding to the door, when the stranger caught her arm.

'I have witnessed the foregoing scene,' said he, in a voice, that was rich and melodious, as had sounded on her ear for five long years,—'and have been much interested in the story of your sufferings. Here,' he continued, placing in her hand, a bill of considerable amount, 'if this will any way alleviate your distress, accept it with my assurance of unfeigned welcome.'

'Thanks! a thousand thanks, for your kindness, sir!' she ejaculated in a broken voice, while the tears of gratitude streamed rapidly down her pale cheeks.

Such a trifling sum scarcely deserves you thanks,' said the stranger. 'If it will be of any service to you, however, I shall be doubly repaid. Pardon my boldness; but you have interested me greatly. Shall I not infer from your words, as well as your manners, that you have seen brighter days?'

'If, sir,' said she, scarce audible, 'a happy home, among my friends, and surrounted by every comfort wealth can afford, can be denominated brighter days, I have surely experienced them.'

The stranger made no reply, and Ada ventured to raise her tearful eyes to his countenance. She saw that it was strikingly beautiful, and bore the empress of no ordinary powers of mind. His complexion, though somewhat bronzed, was nevertheless, very fair; and a mass of luxuriant raven locks, hung in bold relief, around a majestic brow. His form was somewhat above the common height, though of unrivalled elegance and symmetry.

'Ada am I right,' he, at length, asked in a tone of deep interest, 'in supposing, also, that poverty is not the only weight upon your heart?'

'Oh, sir! it is, indeed, as you conjecture!' she exclaimed, sinking into a chair, and covering her face with her hands. 'Long ere the curse of poverty came upon, was my heart a stranger to hope and happiness!'

'Is your fate any way connected with the friend, to when you alluded not long since?'

'It is, sir—but let this suffice,' said,' Ada, in an agitated voice, rising to depart, for she felt her self-command was fast forsaking her. 'I cannot—must not tell you more. My history is too sad and painful to recount.'

The stranger bent his dark, fascinating, lustrous eyes on her countenance, with a look of mingled surprise, admiration and pity; while a singular smile played around his finely-formed mouth. Ada started. 'That smile was familiar though she could not, at that moment, recollect where she had before seen it.

'If I may be so bold, permit me to examine the chain, which Mrs. D—— mentioned before you depart.'

'Here it is, sir,' she said taking from her neck, with trembling hands. 'It is attached to a miniature of the friend who give it to me, and I do not think you will condemn me for valuing it so highly, when you have examined it.'

She placed the miniature in his hand; but he had scarcely glanced over it, ere a wild exclamation escaped his lips.

'Ada Lyndale! my long-lost wife!' he ejaculated, rushing forward and clasping her convulsively in his arms. Ada raised her eyes to his, with a look of wonder, and then fell fainting on his bosom.

When Ada recovered her consciousness, the first object that met the eyes, was the tall and elegant form of Arthur Lyndale, bending tenderly over her. Hastily raising herself up, she glanced around her, with a look of bewilderment, as if she feared that all was but a pleasing dream,—a delightful chimera, that must soon pass away. The ardent glance she met from Arthurs's eyes, assured her, however, that it was but a bright and happy reality. Her feelings overpowered her, she covered her face with her hands, and tears gushed from her eyes,—not tears of sorrow and anguish, wrung from a breaking heart; but those of joy—deep and heart-felt joy, thrilling through every fibre of her frame.

'It cannot be,' sobbed she, 'Heaven is too kind!'

'Heaven is but just in restoring to my arms, a lovely and now beloved wife,' said Arthur, gently kissing her forehead. 'But,' he continued, scanning her coarse apparel, 'I never dreamed of meeting you in such reduced circumstances.'

'Your curiosity shall be satisfied, ere long,' said Ada, wiping away her tears. 'My father is anxiously awaiting my return, and without doubt, imagines some accident has detained me. I must, therefore, hasten to him as soon as possible.'

'In the delight of the moment, I had nearly forgotten him,' said Arthur. 'Our speed now, however, will atone for our delay, for I am very impatient to behold one, who has been a second father to me.'

He then enquired how far her residence was from the inn, and on being informed proposed to order his carriage. This Ada declined, and he then offered to send a servant to procure the necessary provision. As the place, where she had before purchased it, was almost a half mile distant, she consented to this without delay. Arthur then snatched up his cloak, of a rich, sable velvet and throwing it over her shoulders, begged her to wear it, as her thin apparel was illy fitted to the lateness of the season. They immediately after, sallied forth, and in a short time, reached the wretched habitation, Arthur, in the meanwhile, puzzeled himself with a thousand conjectures respecting the cause of their reduction to such distress. Followed by her astonished husband, she threw open the door and rushed, with a cry of joy, to her father's bedside.

We pass over the scene that ensued, for pen could never do justice to the raptures expressed on all sides, particularly of Ada, when she saw together, two beings, dearer than the whole world beside. The joy of Arthur was somewhat damped, on meeting them in such abject circumstances; but this occasioned but a transient pang, for he reflected that he had the means of restoring them to more than their former wealth. A short time after, the servant which Arthur had despatched to the village, arrived with the provision he had ordered, and, while Ada was preparing their evening meal, Mr. Campbell related to him the particulars we have before detailed, no omiting to express his compunction, for ever trust the audacious villain, who had despoiled them of their once delightful home. Arthur listened with suprise and indignation to the detail of the nephew's villainy; but, when Mr. Campbell descanted, with all a fathers's affection, on the unrefining gentleness with which she had borne her sufferings, and, the trials which she had so patiently endured on his account,—his feelings rose above control, and tears coursed their way down his manly cheeks.

'I cannot be surprised, my dear sir,' he said, when Mr. Campbell had concluded, 'at any instance of the goodness and amiability of her character; for I have long since learned to regret her, as a being, incapable of error. I have scarcely dared to hope, after my former duplicity,' he added, glancing at Ada, 'to find her love unchanged; yet the reception she has given me, has tended to excite very flattering emotions in my bosom.'

Ada made no reply, for her heart was to full to speak; but the look she gave him was sufficient to convince him, that his hopes were not fallacious.

'I trust, Arthur,' said Mr, Campbell, smiling 'that you will have no reason to murmur at her want of affection. The love of woman, when fixed on a worthy object, is incapable of change or diminution; and I should at once conclude she had never loved you, could she forget you.'

'I hope, sir, you will never repent the warm reception you have given me,' said Arthur, with a quivering lip. 'If the most devoted affection on my part can any way enhance your happiness, I hope and trust, I shall not prove myself utterly unworthy of it.'

Mr Campbell's face suddenly assumed a sorrowful expression; but he made no reply. He felt that the hand of death was upon him; and nor long could he be spared to participate in the happiness of his daughter.

Ada thought of the past, and for a moment, she knew not what to conjecture. The occasion of his sudden and unexpected return, was a mystery she did not attempt to solve: though the most flattering hopes beat high in her breast.—After they had eaten their supper, of which no one partook very heartily, Ada ventured to request him to relate the history of his proceedings since his departure.

'I see, Ada,' he replied, smiling, 'that the past is not absent from your mind. It is but just that you should know my singular history; and with the concurrence of your father, provided you throw aside your sewing, I will relate it.'

Mr. Campbell most gladly give his consent, and Ada, smiling, threw aside the unfinished garments of the landlady's. After adjusting himself in his somewhat uncomfortable chair by the bedside. Arthur commenced.

'I cannot give you a very graphic account, for my powers of relating are somewhat defective; and this must excuse my abruptness. You both know the manner of our seperation. When I left you my heart was almost bursting with anguish, and it was long ere I could sufficiently subdue my feelings, to proceed with coolness and composure. From your residence, I went to N——, intending to embark immediately for the eastern continent. While preparing for this, I met a young friend of mine, who was going to Bordeaux, and, who, after learning my intentions, invited me to prolong my journey, by accompanying him to France and thence proceed to Italy. I at first made some objections; but he pressed me so warmly, that I found it impossible to refuse; and soon after, I stepped on board the vessel, that was to bear me, forever, as I then supposed, from my native land. I need not describe my sensations, when I watched its shores gradually recede in the distance; nor when I beheld the sun sink in the western wave, and the dim mantle of twilight steal darkly over the expansive waste of waters that stretched between me and my home. After a long and, to me, a tedious voyage, I beheld the blushing mountains of that populous land, tower in the misty distance; and was, not long after, straying, a lonely wanderer, up the broad, busy streets of Bordeaux.

'I had not been in Bordeaux long, ere the friend, whom I had accompanied, was suddenly snatched away by the hand of death. This was a source of deep regret to me, as I valued him, not only for his companionship, but for the intrinsic excellence of his heart.—Having contracted several valuable acquaintances, I felt some reluctance to quit them, though the bustle and turmoil of the city was anything but congenial to my feelings. Six months I remained in this place, lonely, solitary, and desponding. My mind was continually recurring to the past, and the more I reflected the more gloomy I became. I felt

"As one who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted;"

and amid every scene of pleasure and amusement, the memory of former happiness clung around me, as a spectre.—One night, a short time before my departure, my spirits being unusually depressed, I resolved to visit the Theatre, hoping, that in the excitement of the scene, I should, for a while, forget the weight that hung so heavily upon my breast. I took my seat in a remote corner, and was gazing with intense interest on the scene, when I distinctly heard a voice, behind me, but too painfully familiar to my ear. I turned around with involuntary quickness, and beheld no other than Louise Melton. She was conversing, with the greatest volubility, with an elderly, audacious looking gentleman by her side, and did not seem to notice my proximity to her. As I was about to turn away, she suddenly changed her position and gazed full in my face. A deep blush mantled her cheek; but as I made a bow of recognition, she tossed her head contemptuously, and turning away, resumed her conversation with her companion. Surprise, at such manifest contempt, almost stunned me, and, [illegible] the words I accidentally overheard, I should have remained thus for a long time.

"Who is that?' I heard her companion inquire.

"A young man, Arthur Lyndale,' she replid, laughing, 'with whom I had the misfortune of becoming acquainted a few years since; and who is now so presumptuous as to suppose I shall favor him with a show of recognition.'

'I waited to hear no more; but rushed madly through the crowd and burst into the street.—I hastened to my loding, where, locking myself into my apartment, I indulged mingled emotions of anger, mortification and regret. Can it be, thought I, that Louise Melton, she, who professed to love me so devotedly, scorns me thus?—Might she not meet me, at least, in friendship? Had my conduct merited such coolness and contempt? I blush with shame, even now, when I reflect how eagerly I reviewed the incidents of our seperation, and strove to discover wherein I was deserving of censure. I had before imagined, that my heart had been rendered callous by suffering and sorrow,—I imagined I should be alike indifferent to sorrow or affection. But now I discovered otherwise. The contempt of Louise Melton stung my very soul, and I felt an inherent desire to retaliate on her, for the wrong she had done me. I drew the ring, which she had given me at parting, from my finger and crushed it indignantly to the earth. Thus perish, exclaimed I, every memorial of her who has scorned me so supercillously. I was too excited to reflect calmly, and could only imprecate myself—for what I know not. But why should I describe to you the varied emotions, which I experienced during that long and never-to-be-forgotten night?

'In the morning I rose feverish and unrefreshed, in a state of mind approximating to insanity. During the day I [illegible] a visit from a friend, who stated that [illegible] Bordeaux, to arrange some accounts, which the deceased had left unsettled. He had been the favorite friend of boyhood, and the companion of my sports and pastimes; and, therefore, I welcomed him with the greatest cordiality. In the course of the conversation, I learned that he was from L——, and the inquiries, suggested relative to my aunt, soon led me to speak of Miss Melton. The sarcastic manner in which he alluded to her, excited my surprise, and knowing his communicative disposition, I concealed my feelings as much as possible, hoping to soon discover the cause of his sarcasm.

"Have you seen her profligate husband, Lyndale?' he inquired.

"Profligate husband!' I repeated, involuntarily. 'Indeed, I knew not that she had selected a profligate character.'

"Probably, because she feared what she had so often ridiculed, a life of celibacy,' was the laconic reply.

'I was greatly surprised at his words; but subduing my emotion as much as possible, I entreated him to be explicit. I stated that she had once been an acquaintance, though now all intimacy had ceased; but omitted the circumstance of our betrothal and the obstacle to our union. He then related to me, circumstances that seemed, to my ears, incredible; yet, knowing the veracity of his character, I dared not doubt them. I learned from him that Louise Melton, in the village of her mother's residence, had been an incorrigible flirt, that she had rejected the suit of no less than a dozen admirers, among whom were gentlemen of disinterested motives, with no other purpose, no excuse, but her sordid passion for coquettry. Her fame at length was spread, and she was regarded by all as a dangerous coquette. Her admirers rapidly decreased, and, fearing she should meet with a fate similar to many other coquetts, she determined to resort to some obscure abode in the country, where she was unknown. Having a relative in the town of L——, it was at length agreed that she should retire thither

"Here,' continued Alison, 'my personal knowledge of her ceases. It was reported, soon after her departure, that she had given her hand to a young man she met at L——, but that some obstacle intervened to prevent their union. He was reported to be the heir of immense property, by way of an uncle, who lived in England; and it was undoubtedly the prospect of vast riches that induced her to accept his hand, for her nature was incapable of love. I knew not his name, but he was said to be amiable, and I rejoiced when I heard that the projected union was [illegible] ved, for I could not but commise[illegible] possessed so heart[illegible] [illegible] of t[illegible]

[illegible]ame.

'Astounded at these unexpected disclosures, I had scarcely power to speak or move. Alison soon after took his leave, and I was left to my own remorseful reflections. How egregiously had I been deceived!—how had the first, ardent, impetuous passions of youth been misplaced! That the young man, she had met at L——, was myself I had no doubt. It was supposed by some, that I was heir to my uncle's estate, though I, myself, had never indulged the hope. It was my supposed wealth, then, that she loved,—not myself—not the heart, proffered to her in the warm confidence of youthful love.—You undoubtedly recollect, that, a short time before my departure, I received a letter from England, stating that my uncle's son, whom he believed dead, had returned, and would of course inherit the estate. The knowledge of this, I immediately concluded, occasioned her coldness and contempt, on the previous night.—You may wonder that I could have been so deceived; but Louise, in my presence, had always worn the garb of uniform integrity, and it was the remembrance of her imaginary virtues that fanned the flame of my affection.—As her virtues vanished, so did my affection.—When the halo of moral piety, which I imagined surrounded her—when the 'rose-tinted medium' through which I viewed her, had vanished and I

saw her character in its own disgusting deformity, my love was changed to detestation and contempt. I involuntarily thanked Heaven for preserving me from the snares of the coquette—instead of cursing the hour that linked your fate to mine I blessed it. I drew a contrast between you and Louisa,—she, the proud, designing coquette—you the noble, disinterested and exalted being, whose heart I had broken. I felt that my love had been placed on an object, totally unworthy of it, while a purer, loftier being alone should have claimed it.

'I left Bordeaux, soon after, unwilling to breathe, any longer, the same atmosphere with one so polluted. Gladly would I have directed my wandering footsteps homeward, but for my health which was now considerably affected, and sometimes caused me to fear, that I might never more behold you, on the shores of mortality. I proceeded to Tuscany, and soon selected a spot whose picturesque beauties and amenity of situation could not fail of eliciting admiration. It was an old Chateau in Val di Chiana, in possession of an English gentleman, Mr. Fitzarthur.—After becoming acquainted with him, by frequently meeting him in my rambles through his delightful valley, I received an invitation to take up my abode with him,—an invitation which I did not fail to accept. A few years before he had been seperated, by death, from a wife whom he tenderly loved, and being weary of fashionable life, he had removed to Italy and purchased the beautiful valley he now occupied: Affliction and solitude had rendered him taciturn and sedate, and by these means, I was offered an ample field for reflection. My moments I spent in almost unbroken solitude. I banished every thought of my first love, and fixed my mind solely upon you. I reflected upon your goodness, your amiability, your affection, until my soul was filled with a deep and tender affection, and I longed to behold you, and clasp you to my bosom, as my loved and lovely wife. I saw and experienced the difference between first and second love,—this deep, sober and devoted,—that ardent passionate and impetuous.

'Not long however were these blissful anticipations to exist. A change of climate seemed to produce no effect upon my health, for my cough continued slowly to increase, and with it every symptom of a premature decay. I resorted to the advice of the most eminent physicians; but this also proved abortive. I then felt that I must resign all hopes of again meeting you, and prepare myself for a summons from above. It was long ere I could yield up all hopes of recovery; but I cherished the consoling idea that, in Heaven, I should behold you, and spend, with you, an eternity of unsullied bliss. At the end of the fourth year, my disease had assumed such an alarming state, that all hope was banished; and the wasted, and languid form, the deep, racking cough and the hectic flush upon my cheek, ominened, but too plainly, of approaching dissolution. You may wonder that I did not write to you and apprise you of my situation and the change of my sentiments; but while I cherished a hope of recovery, I deemed it unnecessary. When this hope was abandoned, I felt that a knowledge of these would inspire you with a desire to behold me, more excrutiating to support, than total ignorance of my fate. At this stage of affairs, I met a young physician from another part of Italy, to whose advice I was urged, by Mr. Fitzarthur, to resort. This, I did, though without any hope of success, and to my surprise and joy, soon discovered that it was not vain. In six months my cough had nearly ceased, and the warm current of health again flowed with, its former vigor, through my veins. My countenance resumed its color, and hope again visited my heart. I was impatient to return to you; but my physician ordered that I should remain, till perfectly recovered, fearing the coldness of my native climate might renew the symptoms of consumption. To his orders, I reluctantly submitted, praying Heaven, the while, to be proiptious

'When the fifth year drew to its close, my physician assured me that there was now no danger of a return to colder climate. But another obstacle presented itself. The small stock, which my father had left me, was now nearly exhausted, indeed, I had scarcely enough left to bear my expenses home. I was on the point of applying to Mr Fitzarthur, when I received a letter from England, which rendered such an application unnecessary. It stated that my uncle had lately expired, and his only son being dead, he had bequeathed to me, his whole estate, which was immense. The writer requested that I should hasten thither as soon as possible, as there was some affairs of the estate, that were unsettled. Thanking Heaven for my good fortune, I bade a joyful adieu to Val d' Chiana, and hastened with all possible despatch to England. Having arrived at the place of my uncle's residence, I proceeded to survey my estate, and was delighted to find its vastness, far exceeded my most sanguine expectation. Its situation, however, was very unpleasent, and I determined to sell it, immediately, if possible. As they were many who wished to purchase, I found no difficulty in disposing of it. I made immense profit by my bargain; indeed, I could not have hoped to meet with better success. From thence I hastened to London, preparatory to my embarkation. An instance which there occured to me, may interest you, and I will relate it.

'The evening before my departure, I was seated in my apartment at the inn, when I was aroused from my reveries, by a groan at the door. On opening it, I discovered a woman, seated on the steps, whom I immediately carried in; and, on removing her tattered hood, I distinctly traced in her attenuated countenance, the features of Louisa Melton, or, properly, Mrs Courtenay. From her, I learnt, that on her return from France, Courtenay had deserted her, and left her to the charity of her friends. For several years, she resided with a cousin, until, that cousin's dying, she was thrown upon her own resources for a support. Unused to such toil, she soon sank beneath her hadships, and was carried to the almshouse. Preferring to beg, rather than remain, on her recovery, she departed. For several days, she wandered about without scarcely any sustenance, and, at length, unable to support herself longer, she had sank on the door-steps of the inn, hoping to shortly yield up her woe-fraught existance. I provided her a comfortable apartment for the night; but in the morning, was informed that she was no more. This then, thought I, is the end of the once beautiful and brilliant Louisa Melton!—I left a sum of money, sufficient for a decent burial, and departed.'

'My passage to America, though pleasent, seemed interminably long. I was impatient to behold you, to clasp you in my arms, as my own sweet wife, and imprint upon your lips, the rapturous kisses of affection. My imagination pictured you countenance again irradiated with the with the beams of happiness, and once more I heard your silvery voice uttering the language of love and joy. The pleasing task of binding the broken heart was mine, and I longed for the hour to arrive, when I could assure you of my unalterable affection. Sometimes a thought occur to me, that made my heart almost die within me. Perchance, you had sank beneath your sorrow and I shall meet you, only to recieve your dying blessing. Or, still worst, perchance you had expired of a broken heart, and I had returned, only to weep over your grave. These gloomy forebodings however, I endeavored to dismiss, reproaching myself for ever doubting the kindness of heaven. Immediately after landing I started for your supposed residence; but having business in this town,—business that could not posibly be deferred,—I was obliged to proced this way. I was hasting with all possible quickness to transact the affair for which I had come, when I unexpectly met you. The alteration in your circumstances and the changes sorrow and sufferings had made in your countenance, prevented me from recognizing you at first, notwithstanding, your voice was strangely familiar to my ear. I was instinctively drawn towards you, from first sight, and the simple, yet brief story of your sufferings excited my interest, while it drew fourth my deepest compassion. I am greatly astonished at learning the treachery of your cousin; but an happy to inform you that, I have the means of restoring both you and your father, to comfort and happiness.—And now my dearest Ada,' continued Arthur, drawing her unresisting form gently to his bosom and imparting a tender kiss upon her brow, 'at last, by your side, I again renew my former vows of love and protection, and call on Heaven to witness my sincerity. Instead of the paltry sum of a few dollars, I lay at your disposal, my whole fortune and, what you will value far more, my love. My future study, in life, shall be, to render you happy, to protect you from the storms of the world, and cherish you on my bosom with devoted and undying affection'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From Mexico. A letter has been received by this evening's mail from Pensacola, of the 10th inst., containing extracts of a letter from Vera Cruz of the 29th August. These only re-echo the statements which we published from official sources on Monday evening, namely, that "the troops and the generals actually and absolutely refuse to march to invade Texas; than Gen Parades has returned to Mexico, and others have followed suit. There is a report in town (Vera Cruz) from Mexico, that Parades has pronounced (that is the way, you know they do business here) in favor of a regency, to be composed of three military men,' &c., &c. These are however, reports; and they want confirmation. But the writer states that the 'government is without money, and without power, and without energy; and therefore cannot stand.' [Union.

A New Republic. A project is in anticipation in Arkansas for the establishment of a settlement of Americans in California. A company of one thousand is proposed to be raised, the families and freight of the emigrants to be sent by sea from New Orleans. The young men, and others who prefer it, to take the overland route from Fort Smith to Santa Fe, and thence to the Pacific, which it is proposed to strike near the bed of San Francisco, in lat. 34 degrees, there to meet the families going by water. A site is then to be chosen, after a thorough exploration of the coast, for permanent settlement. The projector of this scheme, Mr. Leavitt, predicts that ten years will see the coast of California well settled, and that beautiful country "the great Southwestern Republic of North America."

A young buck about starting to New Orleans, proposed to purchase a life-preserver:—"Oh, you'll not want it," said the clerk. "Boys of mind won't sink."

ROTATION IN OFFICE.

It is the duty of the democratic press to discuss and defend *every* democratic principle and usage; and the editor who, through fear of consequences to himself or some favorite friend, avoids that duty is recreant to the solemn trust he has assumed, and should be forced by public sentiment to quit his dishonored position. He who volunteers to stand sentinel upon the watch tower of liberty must guard every entrance with a sleepless eye. We feel this mighty responsibility resting upon *us*, and to the best ability do we mean to discharge it. We know full well the consequence of fidelity. There are those in the democratic ranks who would at any time sell their birthright 'for a mess of pottage'—who, for their own personal aggrandizements or pecuniary advantage, whould sacrifice principle, usage and party altogether. Such men are always ready to denounce. In pursuing a straight-forward course we do not expect, neither are we anxious, to please them—We speak to and for the masses—the PEOPLE, who are democratic from their love of liberty and not for 'the spoil.'

Among the doctrines of the democratic party which should at all times—but more especially at the *present* time—be prominently upheld is that *rotation in office*. It has been iterated and reiterated for years in our presses, our town caucusses, our County, Senatorial, Congressional, Legislative and State Conventions. It has been solemnly affirmed in our National Convention—It was avowed by President Jackson and Van Buren, and is one of the acknowledged grounds of removal and appointment with President Polk and his cabinet.

Now what is meant by the phrase—*rotation* in office? Is it significant of an idea, or is it mere clap trap? Is it—on the part of our papers, our Conventions and our Presidents—merely a 'sub thrown to the whale,' or is it a sincere sentiment? We have always understood it to mean that after an appointed officer had held his position for a specific time another should be appointed in his place. Without particularizing, we may say that this 'specific time' is understood to cover two administrative terms of the national government with national officers, and lesser periods with State officers.

'ROTATION' does not mean, as the democratic party understand it, *reverting from one appointment into another*. It would be in such case a mere farce—the veriest humbug. Men of accomplished wire-pulling abilities might thus obtain life-estates at the public crib, merely changing occasionally from one stall to another—This is not democracy. After holding office the well understood period, the officer should be restored to private life, and a fresh recipient take his place the emoluments honors. The doctrine is not only just in itself, but it is wise; for it is a well-marked fact that those who have fattened for years upon the public, are almost sure to feel themselves above the people. They are very apt to dispise those upon whom they have lived; and the 'servant becomes greater than his master.'

Office is honorable, and the presumption that it is within the reach of ALL excites a proper and healthy ambition. It brings into the political field thousands of ardent and talented minds, who labor for principle and the reputation that should follow success. Let this lofty and noble feeling be crushed—let our young men conceive the idea that public honors are reversionary in a *circle* only—that rotation is not a substantial principle but simply a visionary theory—that the idle, who do no hard fighting, are to have all this class of benefits—and the democratic party will sink into the minority. If it be doubted, look at the past. There are facts on record that will bear out the assertion. If we take the warning they give us, it will be well—if not, then the shadows they cast on the future are forerunners of certain defeat.

The time has come when all who can give voice and tone to the democratic party should speak out, and boldly, on this great subject. We have entered on another administration, with a President fresh from the people. All cliques and factions were thrust aside, and in his nomination a new and glorious leaf in the history of the democracy was opened. President Polk has shown thus far a determination not to confer honor upon the hackneied politicians but to take his officers—as *he* was taken—from the ranks of the people. Dependent as he must necessarily be to a great extent upon others for his knowledge of the merit and fitness of candidates, it was to be expected that mistakes in removals and appointments would occasionally be made. Such has been the case; but his general course has manifested the sincerity of his intentions. It is obvious that his purpose is to recognize distinctly the good old democratic sentiment of *rotation in office*; and in so doing he will be gloriously sustained by the people who elevated him. [Maine Inquirer.

DISGRACEFUL

We learn by the papers that a disgraceful affair came off in Gardiner village on Friday, the 12th inst., between a rum seller, named Patrick Maher and Rev. J. W. Lawton, editor of the Cold Water Fountain. It seems the editor had spoken to the Fountain personally of Maher, and in the very flattering terms, and has so enraged him that he sought an opportunity to attack Mr L as he came out of Atwood's Book Store, and after being floored twice by the superior 'suasion' of his Rev. antagonist he was taken in charge of an officer and held to answer for his assault, before a magistrate. Probably a more desperate state of feeling never existed in a place among the liquor drinkers, cellars and sympathizers, than now exists in Gardiner. And we think the state of things is referable in part at least to the blackward course pursued by the so called temperance paper in that village. This paper, since it came under the control of its present editor, has belched forth one continual torrent of violent and inflamatory denunciation, which has served only to call forth the worst passions of those whom temperance people should labor to reform. Violence will beget violence. Wrath begets wrath, and there is no talking this law of cause and effect out of man's natural constitution. We believe in the efficacy of moral power, and we feel safe in saying that no great, lasting moral good, was ever effected by any other than moral means—Tell a man he is a devil and make him believe [illegible] tell a man he is a brute, and unfit to live among men, and just in proportion as he believes you he will become prepared to manifest brutal passions and to indulge in all sorts of brutal conduct. The chief labor of Mr. Lawton, it has seemed to us, has been to demonstrate that certain men are brutes, demons, devils; and from the late affray in Gardiner we infer that his editorial labors are beginning to bring forth their legitimate fruits [Main Inquirer.

Strange Origins. Moses was a shepherd; Noah a farmer; Confucius a carpenter; Mahomet an ass-driver; Mehemit Ali a barber; the actual Emperor of Morocco a picture dealer: Bernadotte a surgeon in the garrison of Martinique, at the time the invasion of the English; Madame Bernadotte a washerwoman of Paris; Napoleon, who descended from an obscure Corsican family, was only a major when he espoused Josephine; Franklin was a printer; President Boyer a mulatto barber; President Tyler a militia captian; Oliver Cromwell a brewer; the step father of Isabella' Queen af Spain, the husband of Christiana, and the brother-in-law of the King of Naples, was a waiter in a coffee house; General Espartero was a sexton; King Christophe, of Hayti, was a slave of St. Kitt; the present President of Hayti was also a slave; Bolivar an apothecary; General Peaz a cow driver; Vasco de Gama a sailor; Columbus a sailor; Louis Phillippe a schoolmaster in Switzerland, at Boston and at Havana; Catharine, Emperor of Russia, a girl attached to regiment; the present Governor of Madeira a tailor; the Minister of Finance of Potugal a wine merchant.

A DUEL WOMAN STOPPED. Miss Mary Ann Golden was yesterday arrested on the affidavit of Miss Mary Rogers, charged with sending the latter a challenge. It appears that the parties, who lived in Franklin street, have had a dispute, which in the opinion of Miss Golden, could only be settled by an appeal to arms; accordingly she sent Miss R. a chal'enge, of which the following is a true copy:

FRANKLIN STREET, Wednesday morn

Madam—I hereby notify you to meet me at 1 o'clock, this evening, at the other side of the French grave-yard, then and there to settle our dispute, agreeably to the "Codes of Honor."—My friend, Miss Sarah——, who will hand you this, will meet any friend you may select to settle all preliminaries.

MARY ANN GOLDEN.

To Miss Mary Rogers.

The investigation of this affair will take place before his honor the Recorder Genois this morning. [New Orleans Pic. Sept. 11.

To the Point! The Washington Union of Saturday last says, in relation to the boundary question: 'Let there be no mistake about the matter. The Rio del Norte *is* our boundary line.—The Rio del Norte *will continue to be* our boundary; and neither the arms of the Mexicans, nor the the tongues of her diplomatists, nor the puny pens of the 'National Intelligencer,' will be sufficient to remove our boundary east of that river. *There* our boundary is planted, and the bullets of the Mexicans, nor the paper shot of there friends in this country, will be able to shake the determination of our Executive upon this question."

Hon J. R. Giddings, whig member of Congress from Ohio, wrote a pamphlet and made speeches to induce the abolitionists to vote for Henry Clay. Abby Kelly, in her lectures in Ohio, states that in a private conversation, Giddings said to her that 'the Union is a curse and he should be glad to see it dissolved.'

BEARS. It is stated that Bears are quite numerous this season, in Maine. One was killed on Foxcroft, (says the Farmer) on Thursday morning of last week, by Mr Caleb Weston, about 50 rods from his house—it weighed when dressed 367 lbs—the whole would weigh probably 500 lbs

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LOCAL CONTRIBUTIONS. "Hollen, Pete, I's got a columderious wat I wants to ax ye. Why am de readers ob de Augusta Age like many ob our colored wedren ob de South?"

"Bekase—bekase—yes—no. Cuff, I guvs im up."

"Wat an ignorant nigger you is. I'll tell yer why. Bekase dey am dependent on *Rice* for support. Yah, yah, yah."

"Now, Cuff, I wants yer to explain a columdelum wat I's gwine to give ye. Why am Virtue in de compass of vice like de Kennebec Journal? Does ye gib it up?"

"No—bekase—am—yes, I guvs 'im up."

"Yah, yah, yah. Gor ye no hip. Wal, I'll tell ye why Virtue in de compass ob Vice am like de Kennebec Journal. Bekase upon its *Severance* depends its life."

"Gosh, Pete, you's been into de rudiments ob de dieshonary all nite. But here's for ye agin. Why am de editor ob de editorial sanctum ob de Gospel Banner? Dat's what I axe ye."

"O, I gues im up tree weeks ago."

"Bekase, you silly nigger, its *Drew* on paper."

"Now, Cuff, I wants to axe ye one more columdelum, an den I's off."

"Succeed wid it."

"Why am de editorial sanctum ob de Maine Farmer like a sartin place on de coast what you sail?"

"Does you go de Rum I can't cum dat."

"I does."

"Wal, I's got ye dis time. It's bekase it's *Holmes' Hole*. Yah, yah, yah."

"You is a werry knowin individual nigger, dat's a fact. Take hold, Cuff, you desarves the beer for you highdifferus mental disciplination. [Maine Farmer.

The papers in Alabama are complaining of the drought. They say the cotton crops will [illegible] the average.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH.

As the mysterious conduct of this individual continues to be a subject of much discussion in this community, where he was well known, we copy the following paragraphs concerning him from the New York papers of yesterday, promising that we believe that much more has been said on the subject than the man or the occasion demanded. The Tribune, which is a strong and earnest temperance journal, and favorable to Mr. Gough, has the following: [Boston Courier.

The subject of the disappearance of Mr. John B. Gough continued to be considerably discussed on Saturday. The affair, however, still remains as much in the dark as ever, and all that we do know in reality is, that Mr. Gough was found in the condition and at the place stated by us, and that he still remains in a deplorable state—doubtless from the effects of liquor or opium, or probably both. The history of the soda water—meeting an old shopmate—going into Thompson's and Weller's, and then into a soda shop round the corner *down Warren or Murray street* (there being no such thing as a soda shop in either of them any where in the vicinity of Broadway,) &c. &c. is, to say the least, very unsatisfactory.—We say nothing of the week in the house in Walker-st. the expenditure of about $150 of his money, and other inconsistencies. They refute each other.

Perhaps when Mr. Gough completely recovers his senses, the events of the week may come back to his memory as they invariably occurred. At present our duty is charity, our privilege piety. Whether Mr. Gough was seduced by an enemy to temperance and one of its most successful advocates, or whether he fell from the uncontrollable strength of his own returning appetite, he is almost equally entitled to our deepest sympathy and commiseration; nor is the sacred, the glorious cause of temperance implicated in his late or responsible for his backslidings more than is religion for the occasional tergiversations of its ministers.

The Express of yesterday says:

Upon enquiring, we learn that on Saturday night, (not Friday night) Mr. Gough was at the Croton hotel at 9 1-2 oclock, P. M. and was to occupy a room. He did not, however, occupy the room that night, and was not particularly seen after 9 1-2 o'clock, when he went out, as is believed, with some other person. He was then apparently in his right mind and unquestionably sober. We have no further account of him until found by Camp and Wilkes in the garret of a house in Walker-st. although he is reported to have been in Centre-street, after drinking the soda, with a woman of doubtful fame.

The point which his friends make is, that he was drugged, and thus deprived of his senses—and that, therefore, he is not responsible for any of his subsequent conduct, which, of course, they do not attempt to justify. They believe, from the information they have, that there has been a conspiracy to injure the cause of temperance, and that Mr. Gough was selected as the victim.

The police have taken no steps in the matter and therefore we have no examination of the woman in the house where he was found.—There were three women, we understand, one about forty years of age, and another, a young woman with a child. Mr. Williamson, with whom Mr. Gough was drinking soda-water, has not since been found. We can never get at the whole truth, unless the Police examine, and under oath, all the parties connected with this mysterious affair.

MR. GOUGH. A sort of official statement of this affair has been given to the chief of Police by two of the officers. It seems that he went to the house in Walker street on Friday night—a young female was on the stoop, whom he accosted, and passed in—he was perfectly rational and sober. He sent out for brandy, and continued to do so that night and the next day. On Saturday morning he gave her more money to buy him a new shirt which she did. On Saturday evening he went out for three hours, and returned with a different suit of clothes, and freshly dressed. From that time he remained in the house till he was taken home in the carriage. [New Mirror

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SERVED HIM RIGHT. A few days since, in the city of New York, two men were instantly killed by the falling of a building which was in process of demolition. They were taken into Tammany Hall. During the time the room was surrounded by the numerous relatives and friends of the deceased persons, one of those brainless, heartless, perfumed fops which infest cities stepped up and asked, 'what is the matter?' Being informed of what had happened, he exclaimed, after coolly, "Ah! Oh! *it's only a laborer!*" Mike Walsh, who was standing near by, raised his foot and sent the fellow among the rubbish. Some have condemned Mike for so doing, but we approve the deed, all things considered. Mike says he only regrets that he did not administer a few more kicks to the heartless vagabond while down.—We like to see these windy, unstrooom, heartless, self-sufficient *gentlemen* dealt with as they deserve—even, if necessary, in the manner the above named one was handled.

Another present. Mr. Clay has just had presented to him, by a lady 93 years old, another new counterpane. A very appropriate present, as cold weather is coming on and Harry is getting old, he needs a few more clothes on his bed.

Mr. Scammon's plurality in the county of York over Mr Hopkins the federal candidate, is 944—and in the County of Oxford so far as heard from, 714—making his whole plurality thus far, over the federal candidate 1658—and over all others 864. [Maine Dem.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 30, 1845.

BRITISH POLICY AND TREACHERY.

It has been well remarked by an able writer and deep thinker, that the great hot bed of international dissensions, the magazine where weapons are forged and launched at the domestic peace and policy of the various nations of the globe—is Great Britain. It is emphatically so. Circumscribed as is her own legitimate territory, weak and combustible as is the condition of her social policy, threatened as she is continually by domestic violence and revolution—she is ever casting about for the means of national agrandizement abroad, and seeking the power to interneddle with the territory and policy of other countries. Specious and fair in her promises, she first humbly begs permission to rest her foot upon her neighbor's soil—anon she wishes to erect a building to cover her head, then a fort to defend her from transient attacks—and she closes the drama of insolent assumption by claiming the very soil on which she has been kindly permitted to repose.

Such is England; and the immense territory of the West Indias, various islands of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, all her lodgments on the Eastern and Western Continents, not excepting our own Oregon, afford abundant evidence of England's rapacity; while her pretended sympathy for freedom and the rights of man, and her ostentatious movements for civilizing and christenizing the miserable and degraded objects of her conquests, are belied in every detail of her history. She pretends, forsooth, that she wishes for the abolition of slavery in our Southern States, and in accordance with her settled policy, is engaged in sowing the seeds of insurrection among the colored population, endangering the peace of our Union, and weakening [illegible] Look at her conduct towards [illegible] burmah [illegible] is the boasted humanity of Great Britain; her love of emancipation?

She is the largest slave dealer in the world. Her whole history is one of savage conquest, and enslavement of the people who have been obliged to bow their necks to the yoke of her dominion. Her iron rule has made the smallest nations of the earth to groan, while her artful policy has deprived them of the fruits of their industry and enterprise. And yet she is forever prating of liberty. While pretending to suppress the slave trade, she has pirated on the vessels of other countries; and under the infamous suppression bill of 1839, by which British cruisers searched, *ad libitum*, the vessels of all other nations, ostensibly for enslaved Africans, our commerce was subjected to her piratical rule, and our country to insult. The bill was an outrage on the rights of civilized nations, and a violation of the sanctity of treaties.

Wherever she has political or commercial relations, and wherever an influence was to be brought to bear upon the domestic policy of the State, Great Britain has always chosen an envoy who industriously represented her principles, and reflected her views. If abolition was to be agitated in the United States or in the West Indies, which in effect is one and the same thing, so far as the interests of the South are concerned, she has ever sent one who had an excellent capacity for taking the census of our slave population, and ascertaining their susceptibility to inflammatory appeals. Treacherously she carried on the same line of policy towards us with regard to Texas. She sought to keep that territory from us, and to place it in a position where, with her incendiary batteries, and thro' Mexico, she could carry on her movements against our domestic peace and policy. Thanks to the patriotism and intelligence of the Texan people, Great Britain was listened to only, till her plans were made known and her secret machinations fully understood. She was then met with the scorn of the nation, and her artful counsels repudiated.

Even in Mexico, has she been plotting against us; and if we ever have war with the gasconading and despicable brigands of that country, and are obliged to spear some thousands of her predatory soldiers, and hang some hundreds of her pirates at the yard arm, it will be reason of some British intrigue, and the Mexicans may thank her dear ally and counsellor. More latterly, we have heard of some of England's acts of benevolence towards us and in behalf of Mexico.—On investigation, we find that agents have been making presents to the Bloody Camanches, who swarm on the north and northwest frontiers of Texas, of blankets, of guns, powder and ball. It is not to be supposed that she has any designs upon us, but it may be possible that she acquits willing that the savage Indians, who spare neither age, sex, nor condition, shall murder our citizens, and their helpless families to their heart's content. In the mean time, and if war ensues with Mexico, she may also do us a further kind deed in stimulating our colored population to insurrection, and otherwise encouraging the enemy.

Furthermore, and since Mexico shall have been lately trounced by the United States, she may come forth with her offers of peace under in behalf of Mexico, [illegible] to exert a further influence over that power [illegible] these as he [illegible] may be fairly [illegible] over be prepared [illegible] she is most ready to start—and when most obstinate and quiescent to appearance, she is best prepared for the arts of treachery and the deeds of open violence.

Hon. J. D. McCRATE, Representative to Congress from this District, has returned from Europe, where he has been to visit a sick brother. He took passage from Liverpool in the Britannia, just arrived

Oxford County Agricultural Fair and Exhibition.

Last week, by request, we published a notice postponing the time of this meeting one week, in consequence of its occurring on the same week of the S. J. Court. Yesterday morning the following note was handed us,—

NORWAY, SEPT. 27, 1845.

Judge Emery,—Sir—The reason I did not insert the advertisement you sent over, was, that Mr. Beal directed me not, by letter from Portland, saying that the notice had been too extensively circulated to alter.

I thought it probable that he might have talked with you in Portland, before writing me; but Mr. Burbank, of Bethel, who called on me this morning, suggested that I should drop you a line, stating that the Trustees decide not to postpone,—that notice to that effect might be given in the next Democrat,—and I write accordingly. Yours truly,

IRA BERRY.

Still later, we received the following, purporting to be by order of the Trustees,—

The Oxford County Agricultural Show and Fair will be held at Bethel-Hill, as originally appointed, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 15th and 16th of October next. *By order of the Trustees.*

Paris, Sept. 29, 1845.

From which our readers will see that that the Show and Fair will be held "as originally appointed,"—on the "15th and 16th of October," instead of the 22nd and 23d.

We are sorry there should have been any misunderstanding in relation to this Exhibition, or rather, in relation to the time of holding it, and trust it will not prevent the attendance of any who intended to be present. The object is praiseworthy, and the Society deserving the patronage of every Farmer in the County who is desirous of improving himself, his farm, &c.

THE RAIL ROAD.

The meeting for organization, of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road Company, was held at the City Hall, in Portland, on Thursday last, agreeable to previous notice. The Argus says the meeting was fully attended—many of the stockholders from the country being present. The assemblage presented a fine specimen of the enterprising citizens of our State,—and was a highly creditable evidence of the energetic, business-like, and intelligent body of men, which this large company embraces.

The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Asa [illegible]

Rephalet Greely was appointed Chairman, and John Neal Secretary. Judge Preble, Chairman of the Corporators, introduced a code of By-Laws with some appropriate remarks, and they were accepted without the slightest alteration.

The Ballots for Directors were then taken up, and a committee of six, consisting of Messrs. Wm. Goodenow, Charles Cobb, Franklin Tinkham, and Charles Holden, of Portland, Tappan Robie, of Gorham, and Joseph G. Cole, of Paris, were appointed to examine the proxies, and sort and count the ballots.

The following gentlemen were chosen on the first ballot:—

Wm. P. Preble, John Mussey, John B. Brown, John Anderson, St. John Smith, Ephraim Greely, Josiah S. Little, James L. Farmer, and Thomas Hammond, of Portland, Ezra F. Beal, of Norway, and John A. Poor, of Bangor.

At the second trial, James Deering and George Turner were chosen, which completes the board.

For the Democrat.

JUDGE SHEPLEY AND THE JUDICIARY.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that communications from different portions of the State have been read recommending the name of Judge Shepley in connection with a seat upon the Bench of the U. S. Supreme Court. Since the death of Judge Story, the subject of his succession is legitimately before the public.—In Maine there seems to be but one voice upon whom the distinguished honor now contemplated should be conferred. It is no disparagement to those who have deservedly ranked and now stand high in the Judiciary of Maine, or to those distinguished gentlemen in other parts of New England who have been proposed for the office, to say that Judge Shepley possesses preeminently the qualifications requisite for such a post. His discriminating mind, disciplined by long and close research as well as a varied experience in an extensive practice,—his long devotion to the true interests of the country—his unyielding integrity and spotless character—the ability and impartiality which has uniformly characterized his career as a Judge, are a sufficient guaranty that his promotion to such a position would redound to the honor of the State and country. It is to be hoped that the vote of Maine, which contributed so essentially to place the appointing power in the hands of the present administration, will in this matter be heard and her wishes regarded.

OXFORD.

Since the above was put in type, we learn from the Washington Union that HON. LEVI WOODBURY, of New Hampshire, has been appointed to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Union says, "Mr. Woodbury is eminently entitled to the honor, not merely on account of his public services, but more especially by his eminent accomplishments as a sound constitutional jurist, in the maturity of his mind and the vigor of his faculties.—We congratulate the country, therefore, upon his appointment. Our great regret arises from the loss of his effective and brilliant talents on one of the great "fields of his fame," the Senate of the United States. There he will be greatly missed. For there he has disseminated himself by the influence of his views and the efficiency of his talents."

[illegible] Factory, has been put in operation at Harrison, Cumberland County, by Charles Farley, Esq. formerly of Portland. It is represented as doing a good and profitable business.

Excerpt. If a man wishes to damn the human race, he commences generally by cursing those who led the way to freedom: and of all men of this world who have been renowned as first among the cursed, Thomas Jefferson is chief

We copy the following article, in relation to the trial of Richard W. Houghton, of Norway, at the term of the S. J. Court held at Alfred week before last, from the correspondence of the Argus:

"Sometime in July, 1844 Nathaniel Haynes of Hollis, sold a horse to an individual for $85, in $5 bills of the Bank of Cumberland, Portland, all of which proved to be counterfeit.—Some time in January following, Mr. Houghton was arrested for this offence, and at a Justice's examination in Buxton, being identified by the direct and positive testimony of Mr. Haynes and his wife, and four or five other witnesses, was bound over for trial in the sum of $2000. Within five or six weeks after, from some cause, Mr. Haynes was induced to believe that Mr. Houghton was *not* the man who cheated him of his horse, and went before a Justice and made affidavit to that effect. Notwithstanding this somerset in the principal witness of the Government, the Attorney General felt it his duty to proceed to trial with the case, in which these facts were made to appear. In his defence, Mr. Houghton introduced between thirty and forty witnesses, by whose evidence he clearly established the fact that he was in Norway during every day of July from the first to the fifteenth, covering all the time in which the offence was alleged to have been committed—proving what in law is termed an *alibi*.—After the evidence was pretty much concluded, Chief Justice Whitman remarked, that though there was strong and almost positive proof of the identity of the prisoner, and many circumstances of a very suspicious nature against him, especially his behavior when first arrested, and particularly his tampering with the principal witness of the Government, yet the proof in his defence was so strong that he suggested to the Attorney General the propriety of entering a *nol. pros.* to which there was a ready assent. The counsel for the defence insisted upon a verdict from the Jury, which, after a few moments of consultation without leaving their seats, was given in favor of the prisoner, *Not guilty.* This verdict, I believe, has a response in the minds of all who listened to the trial Mr. Houghton has expended many hundred dollars in his defence, and if an innocent man, as he must now be deemed, he has suffered a great injury—and if not innocent, it must operate as a strong admonition to him, as well as to all engaged in the nefarious practice of counterfeiting. As this case has been brought before the public, and has produced considerable excitement in many places, I have thought it might be proper to make the above statement. I have in the above omitted one fact which perhaps ought to come into this notice. Mr. Haynes testifies that he has seen another person who looks more like the one who bought his horse than Mr. Houghton."

DRYING POTATOES.

'A Gardiner Farmer' says in a letter to the editor of the Bangor Courier, "*keep potatoes dry and they will not rot.*" We extract the following from his letter:

"I assume it to be a fact that the potatoe is not deceased. The tops of the potatoe have been killed, extensively, the past two seasons, and, as a very natural consequence, the unripe half grown tubers have rotted. The cause of the rot is fermentation. Prevent fermentation, and the frightful 'Potatoe Plague' is cured.—This must be done by drying. Any farmer who has a field of rotting potatoes, may save them, by digging and *spreading them so thin as to dry the surface, and keeping them dry until cold weather*, and he can then safely stow them away in the cellar. Drying any substance as every one should know, will prevent fermentation. Fermentation in vegetable matter produces decomposition, and decomposition is rot."

Significant. In 1815, after Napoleon's return from Elba, a violent royalist exclaimed to his confessor, who happened to dine with him at Ghent, "What! Henry III. and IV. were assassinated, and nobody can be found to rid us of the usurper Bonaparte!" The priest fetched a deep sigh:—"Ah, my dear sir," said he, "there is no longer any religion in the world as in those days." Napoleon is said to have been much amused with this anecdote.

Salting meat. A patent has been secured for salting meat in a few minutes. The meat is placed in an iron vessel, and the air is then exhausted from the vessel by an air pump, and the brine let in from another vessel. This again is drawn off by the air pump, and new brine injected by a forcing pump, so that the meat is cured in fifteen minutes.

Comfortable profits. A writer from the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia says, the proprietor of the hotel at that place, estimates the profits of the hotel at $80,000 a season, this being the smallest income ever realized in any season. It some times amounts to $90,000.

The sale of paintings, busts and vases at the Bonaparte mansion, in New Jersey, took place on Tuesday. The N. Y. Tribune publishes a list of twenty-two articles, which were sold for $10,825. One painting brought $2,800.

Well done! In Sutton, Vt., *twenty-six* ballotings for Representative were had, on Tuesday the 1st inst., and on Wednesday morning at 4 o'clock, a sound Democrat was elected.

There is a man in this town who does nothing all the time, and piles it up next day. He has a clerk to keep tally.

An angel without money is not thought so much of, now a-days, as a devil with a bag of guineas.

ON DIT.—We have information from Washington, says the Portland Argus, that Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State, is to be appointed Judge of the Supreme Court, in place of the late Judge Baldwin; that Mr. Mason, Attorney General, will be made Secretary of State; and that Mr. Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy, is to have the mission to Berlin.

Violation of the Post Office Law. The U. S. Marshall for Massachusetts, has arrested Wells Southworth and Samuel Leonard, of West Springfield, through a warrant charging them with violating the new Post Office Law, in running or establishing a private express mail from West Springfield. They gave bail for their appearance to answer the charge at the U. S. Circuit Court in Boston, on the 15th of October.

Cold Comfort! The Feds, poor fellows, always doomed to be beaten at the polls, are fecilitating themselves upon the fact that they were beaten by a less majority than last year. Well! if that is any comfort to them, let them enjoy it to the utmost—It wont last them more than one year. So says the Bangor Democrat and so say we.

Patents. Among the list of Patents issued from May 1, to July 1, 1845, are the following in Maine.

To Hiram A. Pitts, of Winthrop, for improvment in cutting and crushing corn fodder: patented May 1st, 1845.

To John T. Kimball, of Kennebunk, for improvement in carriages: patented July 22nd, 1845.

Heathern Subscribers. A Sandwich Island paper says, that for a whole year it had but one delinquent subscriber. They can teach Christians what they never learned from them in this matter.

"Ah, John, my uncle has been to New York, and yourn hasn't" "Well, what of that, my uncle has been in jail, and yourn hasn't."

☞ *Consumptive reader!* Remember this! In Colds and Coughs, which are the first symptoms of Consumption, the Hungarian Balsam is the most pleasant and efficacious remedy that can possibly be used. In cases of inflammation of the Lungs, it possesses a wonderfully healing and renovating power. In confirmed Consumption, it has been used with perfect and triumphant success, where the most eminent physicians had given up all hope as vain. It is exceedingly pleasant and agreeable to the taste, and entirely safe and salutary in its effects upon the system.

Pamphlets respecting this Great English Remedy may be had gratis of MOSES HAMMOND, the only agent in Paris.

MARRIED.

In Westbrook, Dr. Henry Hunt, Jr. to Miss Emeline Dexter of Brewer.

Indian Marriages. Sabattis Neptune, member of the Council, to Molly Acadica Dana, daughter of Stephen Dana; Peter Mitchell Neptune, to Molly Mault, daughter of John Dana; Sabattis Joseph, to Molly Susac, daughter of the late Deacon Soosbason, all of Pleasant Point,

DIED.

In Norway, Miss Mary M. Phelps, aged 21 years.
In Gardiner, Harriet daughter of Isaac Lawrence, aged 19 years.
In Eastport, Mr. Nicholas Smith, aged 75 years.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate, held at Dixfield, within and for the county of Oxford, on the sixteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

Isaac N. Stanley, Guardian of Purlial M., Lorenzo E., Joseph G. and Charles P. Edmunds, all minor children of Elenor E. Edmunds late of Mexico, in said county, deceased, having presented his second account of his administration of the estate of said minors,—

It was *Ordered*, that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the last Tuesday of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
21 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Canton, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five—

John Kelsey, Administrator of the estate of Willard Kelsey, late of Livermore, in said county, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased,—

It was *Ordered*, that the said administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
21 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Dixfield, within and for the county of Oxford, on the sixteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five—

Charles L. Eustis, named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Sarah Evans, late of Mexico, in said county, deceased having presented the same for Probate:

It was *Ordered*, that the said Charles L. Eustis give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register
21 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Rumford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five—

Hezekiah Hutchins, jr., Adm'r of the estate of Francis Cobbard, late of said Rumford, deceased, having presented his first account of his administration of the estate of said deceased; Also his private claim against said estate,—

It was *Ordered*, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
21 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Rumford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the sixteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of **Josiah Jordan**, of Monson, in the County of Piscataquis, praying that the Executor of the last Will and Testament of Simeon Fuller, late of said Rumford, deceased, may be authorized to convey to said Petitioner certain Real Estate situated in said Monson, agreeably to the conditions of a Bond, in Court to be produced, from conveying which said Fuller has been prevented by death.

It was *Ordered*, that the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
21 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Rumford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five—

Hezekiah Hutchins, jr., Executor of the last Will and Testament of Stephen G. Stevens, late of said Rumford, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased; and also his own private claim against said deceased,—

It was *Ordered*, that the said Executor give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
21 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Dixfield, within and for the county of Oxford, on the sixteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of **Mary Jane Gardner**, Widow of Amos Gardner, late of said Dixfield, deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased,—

It was *Ordered*, that the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
21 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Rumford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

Elias M. Carter, Administrator of the estate of Samuel Farwell, late of Bethel, in said county, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased,—

It was *Ordered*, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
21 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

SAMUEL LUFKIN,

late of Rumford, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to ALFRED LUFKIN.

Sept. 15, 1845. 21

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

JOSIAH LEAVITT,

late of Turner, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to ARCH LEAVITT.

Sept. 18, 1845. 21

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator with the Will annexed of

EPHRAIM POWERS,

late of Bethel, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to ELIPHAZ BEAN.

Sept. 15, 1845. 21

Notice.

THE subscriber, surviving Partner of Amos Gardner late of Dixfield, in the County of Oxford, deceased, hereby gives notice that he has taken upon himself the trust of administrating the estate of the Copartnership hitherto existing under the name and stile of

Gardner & Edmunds,

by giving bond according to Law—He therefore requests all persons indebted to said Copartnership to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

ELI EDMUNDS.

Sept. 16, 1845. 3w21

Guardian's Sale.

PURSUANT to license from the Hon. Lyman Rowe, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at private sale, at my dwelling house, on Monday, the 27th day of October next, at one o'clock P. M. the following parcels of land, viz:

Eighteen acres of the Barker Island, (so called)
Five acres with buildings thereon.
Twelve acres of pasture, adjoining land of Francis Barker.
Thirty acres of pasture, adjoining land of James Grover.

Also—Twenty-six acres of the south end of Lot No. 25, Range third. Being in all ninety one acres the same more or less.

The above is the farm of the late Moses Barker, (deceased) of Bethel.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

JEDEDIAH BURBANK, Guardian of Abigail Ann, Elizabeth R. and Martha A. Barker.
21

Notice of Foreclosure.

ON the fourteenth day of March, 1838, Joshua Pool of Greenwood, in the County of Oxford, mortgaged to the subscriber a certain Farm in said Greenwood, consisting of Lot No. twelve in the 4th Range—part of No twelve in the 3d Range in that part of said town called the Phillips Academy half Township. Also thirty acres in that part called Moses and Haskell's Grant, as will appear by the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 36, Page 314. The condition of said mortgage having been broken, the undersigned claims to foreclose the same JABEZ BUCK

Paris, September 23, 1845. 3w 21

TREASURER'S NOTICE.—SUMNER.

NOTICE is hereby given to the resident owners of land in the town of Sumner, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the following described real estate as taxed in bills committed to Zacheus Stephens, Collector for said town for A. D. 1845, returned by him to the Treasurer of Sumner as due and unpaid, viz:

Lot 6, Gurney, Jr., House, Stable and Land on the Jackson Village. $3.39

ABEL TEICHELL, Treasurer of Sumner.
Sumner, Sept. 16th, 1845. 3w 20

POETRY.

THE IRON MASTER.

BY J. E. DOW.

I delve in the mountain's dark recess,
And build my fires in the wilderness;
The red rock crumbles beneath my blast,
While the tall trees tremble and stand aghast;
At the midnight hour my furnace glows,
And the liquid ore in a red stream flows
Till the mountain's heart is melted down,
And scared by fire, it its sylvan crown.

Old Cyclops worked in his cavern dire,
To tip the arrows of Jove with fire;
But I in my mountain crevice toil,
And make the rocks in my cauldron boil,
That man may hurl on his fiercest foes,
The iron rain and the sabre blows;
And send on the long and quivering wire
The silent thought, with a wing of fire.

I burn the woods, and I melt the hills,
While the liquid ore form the earth distils,
That over the railroad track may run,
The iron horse to outstripe the Sun;
That ponderous wheels may dash the brine,
And play with monsters of the Line;
While islands of coral seem to be,
But mile stones placed in the deep blue sea.

When night comes on and the storm is out;
And the rain falls merrily about,
My mountain fires with ruddier glows,
Are seen to burn by the drones below;
And as my merry men pass around,
Their shadows seem on the bright back-ground,
Each like a Vulcan huge and dire,
Forging a thunderbolt of fire.

Richer than Danæ's golden rain,
Is the wealth I send to the fertile plain;
The press that gives to the nations light;
The wheel that turns with a thousand's might;
The plough that furrows the fallow field;
The sickle that reaps the Harvest's yield;
Are hidden now in that shapeless bloom,
Which I have borne from the Cavern's gloom.

The miser may squander his golden hoard,
And the warrior fall on his bloody sword;
The Iron horse may be stiff and chill,
And the wheels of a thousand mills be still;
The steamer may sink on her ocean way,
And the fire refuse on its wire to play;
With me, the earth would forget to mourn,
And leap at a blast of my mountain horn.

THE COMING OF AUTUMN.

The leaves on the bough stirr'd are fading and falling,
And the wind and the woodbird are mournfully calling;
And music around us, of landscape and river,
And feelings that bound us, are passing forever.

The mists of the mountain, with morning upspringing,
The chime of the fountain, its melody ringing,
The foam where the river burst up to the day,
And all by the sweet stream nurs'd, passing away!

So hearts we have cherish'd when life was before us,
Are grown cold or perish'd as years have roll'd o'er us;
And we look in the faces once glowing with gladness,
And we find in their places but sorrow and sadness.

O, life, it is tearful! we're all of us sighing,
The moment we're cheerful that moment we're dying;
And all we have tasted, and all we have spoken,
Are hopes that are wasted, and hearts that are broken.

NEVER LOOK SAD.

BY T. H. BAYLEY.

Never look sad—nothing's so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow:
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

Long you'd not weep, would you but peap
At the bright side of every trial;
Fortune you'll find is often most kind,
When chilling your hopes with denial.

Let the sad day carry away
Its own little burden of sorrow,
Or you may miss half of the bliss
That comes in lap of to-morrow.

When hope is wreck'd pause and reflect,
If error occasioned your sadness;
If it be so, hereafter you'll know
How to steer to the harbor of gladness.

PAT PLAYING THE YANKEE. Not many years since, a general muster of militia and regulars was called by the governor in Lower Canada near the town of Halifax. His excellency called together the officers who commanded the "regulars," and told them to prepare for a fine day's sport, for that he had ordered a troop of militia, (fifty men,) composed of Irishmen to play the "Yankee" at a sham fight in the afternoon, and "His majesty's regulars" would have fine sport in transferring the "Irish Yankees," in the character of prisoners of, war from the field of battle to a neighboring log house, which was converted for the time being into a guard house. The Pats, commanded by a truly original character, by the name of John Morris, issued forth at the appointed time, and formed themselves into two lines deep, on an elevated spot near the town; their valiant leader, at the same time, exhorting them to stand firm and mind his orders, and play the game "as real Yankees should" and even to give the "Lobsters," as the red coats are termed throughout the provinces, a touch of cold steel rather than become prisoners. The regulars, consisting of two hundred men, formed some three hundred feet from the sham Yankees, and commenced a regular peppering of musketry which was returned with promptitude by the Pats. At this stage of the action, the regulars were observed to extend their line in order to surround the enemy; but our hero, Morris, ordered them to charge bayonet, without any particular injunction not to hurt the foe. His Majesty's regulars thought the most prudent course was to "give bail" for their valor by performing a retrograde movement at a brisk trot. But Morris was not to be cheated in this manner; he pursued the retreating red coats, and couldn't resist the temptation of crying "Hurrah for Jackson," until he succeeded in taking fifty prisoners, among whom was His Excellency, who ransomed himself and fellow prisoners by paying for a dinner of which two hundred Pats partook in honor of the victor. It is but fair to say that they conducted their prisoner into town, playing alternately Yankee Doodle, and that soul stirring air, Garry Owing.

INTERESTING EXHIBITION. Capt. Taylor afforded a highly interesting exhibition on board the Spitfire, while lying near the navy yard, this forenoon. A number of gentlemen had been invited on board, and about fifty were present, including Comodore Nicolson, Collector Morton, Mr. Parmenter, Capt. Sturgis, Hon. Benjamin Thompson, and others. One of Capt. Taylor's men first went down in the submarine armor, and explored the bottom for some time, being fully supplied with air from the airpumps. After he had been drawn up, Capt. Taylor, taking a friend with him, descended in one of his new copper diving bells, which he has just been making for the goverement. They descended to the depth of about forty-five feet, and remained on the bottom about half an hour.—While there they sent up a short message, written on a piece of board, for a bottle of porter, which came down, with a cork-screw and tumbler, and each gentleman took a drink." At one time there was about a foot of water in the bell, while Capt. Taylor permitted the air to escape at the top of the bell, so as to keep it fresh, by turning the stop-cock, the air was condensed and the water expelled to within an inch of the rim of the bell. The experiment was completely successful and highly satisfactory. A strong tide was running, but the bell was so constructed that it was slightly affected by it. The bottom was thoroughly explored for a circumference of twenty feet around the spot where the bell descended. Various kinds of fish were seen, and could have been easily taken with a spear. The atmosphere inside the bell was warm, but the heat was not oppressive or disagreeable. In descending, the pressure of the air affected the timpanums of the ears rather painfully at first, but this was obviated as soon as the system became adjusted to the pressure. While at the bottom the sensations were pleasant and rather exhilarating.—The bell appears to us to be a most perfect apparatus, and to possess many advantages over all others which have heretofore been used.

Bunker Hill Aurora.

INSECTS. At a meeting of the 'Farmer's Club,' in N. York city last week, the subject of the destructive effects of insects upon crops was taken up, with the remdies, and discussed at length. The ravages of insects have been more alarming the present season, on account of the extreme drought, than for a long period of time previous. One plan recommended for extirpating the insects from the field and orchard was ploughing and clearing them off the trees with a stalk of mullen. Unleached ashes or fresh slacked lime strown over the ground are said to be an excellent remedy against the turnip fly.

A new insect has been discovered among fruit the present season. It attacks the quince, the effect of which is like the blight upon the pear. These insects, it is stated, can be killed by very late ploughing in the fall, when most of them are in the ground in a larva state, so that they freeze to death and leave no progeny to prey upon the fruit in the spring. It is also said to be the only security against the grey grub, which preys upon corn, vines, &c. Our readers who have old gardens, and who have been troubled with these grubs the present season will do well to try the remedy.

The grasshopper also, it is stated, forms an egg, which makes a worm equally destructive to vegitation. [Greenfield Gazette.

A PIG AND A HALF. A curiosity for naturalists, physiologists, and every body else, may be seen at the shanty in Broadway, on the site of the burnt buildings, adjoining the Mechanic's and Farmer's Bank. The Siamese twins, save that they are human, can scarcely be compared with it. It is a pig with six legs—two before and four behind—the spine being single from the neck to the region of the loins, and there separating, so as to accommodate two distinct formations, which move independently of each other, and have their separate functions. In a word, the animal when cut up, *will quarter into three halves*,—two hind, and one fore quarter, each as perfect in itself as if parts of two animals. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is a pig and a half, and yet only a pig

Albany Argus.

RELICS OF THE RED MEN. The whole number of Indian tribes west of the Mississippi is forty-five. The number of these tribes is 256,799. In various parts of the United States there are nine tribes, from whom 79,448 have been removed to the west of the Mississippi, and 92,013 still remain east. There are also six tribes remaining east, from whom none have as yet been removed. The entire number of red men east and west of the Mississippi, is estimated at 301,585.

A Bavarian dignitary being ordered to report to the King some plan to prevent the extraordinary emigration of Jews to America, suggested, as the only remedy he knew of, 'the annexation of the United States to Bavaria.'—This reminds us of a Prussian mechanic who, while on his way to Havre, with hundreds of his countrymen, to embark for the U. States a few months since, answered a similar inquiry, by saying, 'The King can only prevent this emigration by making Prussia what the United States are.'

Every good wife and pretty girl should have a flower garden. Scraps of time cannot be more pleasantly or appropriately occupied by them, than in attending to this department.

Earth has no sweeter music than a gentle word breathed into a sorrowing heart.

Guardian's Sale.

BY virtue of a license from the Court of Probate for the County of Oxford, I shall offer for sale on the 25th day of October next, at the Store of Robert A. Chapman & Co., in Bethel, all the real estate belonging to Lucy E. Chapman, as heir at law of the estate of Elphaz Chapman, her father, situated in the towns of Bethel, Gilead, Mason and Newry and the Plantation of Riley.

CHARLES FROST, Guardian
of Lucy E. Chapman.

Bethel, Sept. 16, 1845. 3w20

TREASURER'S NOTICE,—SUMNER.

NOTICE is hereby given to the resident owners of land in the town of Sumner, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the following described real estate is taxed in bills committed to Zacheus Stephens, Collector for said town for A. D. 1843, returned by him to the Treasurer of Sumner as due and unpaid, viz:

Seth Gurney, Jr., House, Stable and Barn at the Jackson Village, $3,30

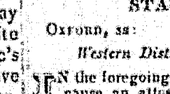
ABEL FLETCHER, Treasurer of Sumner.

Sumner, Sept. 18th, 1845. *3w20

Oxford Agricultural Fair.

NOTICE EXTRA.

TIME CHANGED.



THE Oxford Agricultural Cattle Show and Fair, as appointed on the 15th and 16th of October, at Bethel, falls on the week of the sitting of the S. J. Court at Paris,—and to avoid this great inconvenience the whole proceedings will be postponed to Wednesday and Thursday the 22d and 23d of October. All regulations and proceedings in relation to said Fair will be had on the last named days instead of the days first mentioned.

In behalf of the Trustees.

STEPHEN EMERY.

Sept. 22, 1845. 20

State of Maine.

OXFORD ss:

To the Sheriffs of our Counties of Oxford, York, Lincoln, Cumberland, Kennebec, Somerset, Penobscot, Hancock, Washington, Waldo, Franklin, Piscataquis, and Aroostook, or either of their Deputies: and to the Constable of any of the Towns in said Counties: GREETING.

WE COMMAND YOU to attach the goods or estate of Samuel Barker, of Rumford in our county of Oxford, yeoman, to the value of five hundred dollars, and summon the said defendant, (if he may be found in your precinct,) to appear before our Justice of our Western District Court, next to be holden at Paris, within and for our said County of Oxford the Monday preceding the second Tuesday of June, A. D. 1845, then and there, in our Court, to answer unto Joseph Moody, of Rumford, in said county, yeoman, in a plea of the case. For that whereas before and at the time of the committing of the several grievances by the said Samuel as hereinafter mentioned, Nancy W. Moody was and from thence hitherto hath been and still is the daughter and servant of the said Joseph, from her services and labor in his affairs ought to and might have received great profit and advantage arising therefrom:—Nevertheless the said Samuel in nowise ignorant of the premises but intending wickedly to deprive the plaintiff of all service and labor of said Nancy, and all profit and advantage arising therefrom on or about the tenth day of April, A. D. 1841, at the house of said Joseph in the Plantation of Milton in our said county of Oxford, made an assault upon the body of said Nancy and her carnally knew and begat on her body a female bastard child, of which the said Nancy was delivered at said Plantation on

from and by all which the said plaintiff hath suffered much loss and damage and hath wholly been deprived of all service and labor of the said Nancy, and all benefit and advantage arising therefrom for eleven months last past, and hath been put to great charge and extraordinary expense by reason of the premises To the damage of the said plaintiff (as say) the sum of five hundred dollars, which shall then and there be made to appear with due damages. And have you there this writ with your doings therein.

Witness, DANIEL GOODENOW, Esq., *at Paris, the twenty second day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty five.*

J. G. COLE, CLERK.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss:

Western District Court, June Term, 1845.

UPON the foregoing action, Ordered, That the plaintiff cause an attested copy of his Writ and this Order of Court thereon to be published three weeks in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next Term of this Court to be held at said Paris in and for said County on the second Tuesday of November next, that the defendant may then and there appear, if he see cause, and answer to the same.

Attest—J. G. COLE, CLERK.

A true copy of the Writ and Order of Court thereon.
3w19 Attest—J. G. COLE, CLERK.

To the Honorable Court of County Commissioners, in and for the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned request your Honors to make such alterations and locations in the road leading from Oliver Newman's in Carthage to Aldens Ferry in Dixfield, commencing near the line of Dixfield and Carthage and from thence to said Ferry, as you in your judgment may think proper, and as in duty bound would ever pray.

JOHN M. EUSTIS & 11 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners, begun and holden at Paris, within and for said County of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of September, A. D., 1845

ON the foregoing petition Ordered, That the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at Samuel Morrill's Tavern, in said Dixfield on the eighteenth day of November next, at ten o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition, and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Dixfield and Carthage, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Dixfield and Carthage, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.
3w18 Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

C. W. WALTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DIXFIELD-VILLAGE, MAINE

SIMEON CUMMINGS,

AGENT for Monmouth Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Paris Hill. 6mo June 10

To the Honorable County Commissioners for the County of Oxford at their Session holden at Paris in said County on the first Tuesday of September, A. D., 1845.

THE undersigned inhabitants of said county would respectfully represent, that a road on the most direct and feasible route from Canton Point Ferry through a part of the towns of Canton and Livermore to Barton's ferry on the Easterly line of said county is much needed for public convenience, as it would open a direct communication between the northerly section of the county of Oxford and the counties of Kennebec, Somerset and Penobscot. We therefore request your honors to view, locate and establish a road on said route commencing in the county road near the dwelling house of John Simmons in Canton, thence in a Southeasterly direction to intersect the new location on the present travelled road near the line between Canton and Livermore, to be a new location or alteration, thence on or near said new location as far as consistent with the object in view, from thence a new location through the land of Gilbert Willow, Benjamin and Sumner Goding, passing near the dwelling house of Charles Smith in Livermore best route to Barton's Ferry—Also to make such alterations (if any) as your Honors may think the aforesaid new location made on the land of Charles Chubb and others in A. D. 1843, aforesaid bound will ever pray.

ALEXANDER ALDEN, Jr. and 7

STATE OF MAINE.

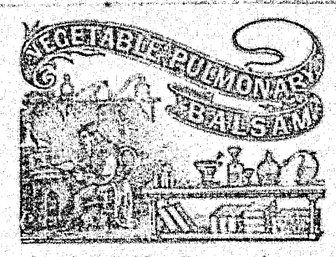
OXFORD, ss:

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris, within and for said county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of September, A. D. 1845

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, That the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of John Simmons in said Canton on the eleventh day of November next, at ten o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Canton and Livermore, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.
3w19 Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.



For Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, and all Diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Chest.

THE VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM is an *old, well tried*, and almost universally approved remedy. It has been extensively used for the last 15 or 20 years in almost every city and town in New England, and also very extensively at the South and West. It is recommended and prescribed by many of the most respectable physicians as a safe, convenient and very effective medicine, and acknowledged by thousands, who have for a long time used it, to be the most valuable remedy for the above complaints ever offered to the American public.

The proprietors of this article cannot resort to the style of advertising which is often adopted at the present day. They do not wish to deceive the credulous and unsuspecting, but appeal, with confidence, to the facts, and experience of a discerning public. There are few individuals in New England who have not used this preparation themselves, or who have not friends who have used it. Numerous certificates from physicians and others, having for many years been published, it is deemed unnecessary to add any at this time. Be sure to get the *genuine*. Call for it by *its whole name*, "*Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam*," and avoid "*Carter's* Pulmonary Balsam," and the numerous imitations which have sprung up in consequence of the great celebrity of the *true article*. See that it is signed Wm. Jon'n Cutler. Prepared by Reed, Wing & Cutler, wholesale druggists, 54 Chatham street, Boston, and sold by druggists, apothecaries, and country merchants generally. Price 50 cents. 1yn27

THOMAS CROCKER, Agent for this place.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the POST OFFICE at PARIS, Me., June 30, 1845.

Benjamin, Lieut. Sam'l, Mass Cont'l Line, Army of Revolution, or his heirs.	Hubbard, Henry
Bates, Miss Hannah A.	Hubbard, D. S.
Bartlett, M. B. Esq.	Holmes, James A
Brett, Seneca	Kinsley, Axel
Brown, Dr. T. H	Leavitt, Elihu
Clark, E. W.	Mills, William
Cummings, James L.	Marston, Mrs A.
Cummings, Dr. P. C.	McKenney, Henry
Daniels, Joseph	Mellen, Alanson
Daniels, James	Overseers of Poor
Dean, John	Osgood, Appelles
Delano, Miss Lucy Ann	Parris, Hon. V. D.
Deblois, Thomas A., Esq.	Perry, Miss M. A.
Foles, Miss Laura	Perkins, Rev. G.
Farley, Chas Esq.	Porter, Sylvanus
Frye, Lieut. Nathaniel, Mass. Cont'l Line, Army of Revolution, or his heirs	Ricker, Thomas N.
Hon. Justices of District Court	Ryerson, Mary Ann, 2
Hutchins, Capt. Nath'l, N. H. Cont'l Line, Army of Revolution, or his heirs.	Shaw, Soramus
Harndal, Alex 8	Taylor, Ivory
	Treasurer of Oxford County
	Verrill, Daniel R.
	Wardwell, Ensign Joseph, Mass Cont'l Line, Army of Revolution, or his heirs.
	Wells, Mrs. Phebe.

GEO. W. MILLETT, P. M.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

THE Subscriber keeps constantly a general assortment of Books and Stationery articles, which are offered for sale on reasonable terms—Among which are Bibles, Testaments, Hymn-Books, a variety of Sunday School books, different works on History, Biography, Chemistry, Philosophy, Geology, and other reading books too numerous to particularize in a short advertisement—Also—School books of almost every description now in use, Writing-books, Ink, Pencils, Sand boxes, Blotting-sand, Paper-folders, Wafers, &c &c. &c.

☞ WANTED in exchange for the above—Cash, Clean paper-rags, and country produce. For further particulars enquire of BENJ. WALTON.

Paris Hill, April 29, 1845.

DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.

FILLING, Separating, Cleaning and Setting Artificial Mineral Pivot Teeth, done by

T. H. BROWN, Paris-Hill.

Price.—Filling with Gold from 50 cts to $1,00.

do Tin Foil,	25	50
Cleaning Natural Teeth,	50	1,00
Setting Pivot Teeth,	$1,00	1,50, & 2,00

Work warranted.—March 28 tf 47

TIMOTHY LUDDEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

TURNER-VILLAGE, Me.

DR. JOHN D. BUZZELL'S
Family Medicines.

VEGETABLE BILIOUS BITTERS.

THESE Bitters are particularly serviceable when used alone in all cases of obstructions in the stomach and bowels, in chronic affections of the liver, and all other derangements and diseases proceeding from a diseased state of that organ; such as loss of appetite, fœtidness of the stomach, costiveness, dizziness and headache, Jaundice, Asthma, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Dispepsy, Faintness and sinking in the stomach, eruptions on the face and neck, and are an excellent purifier of the Blood. When these Bitters are taken in connection with the Vegetable Pills and Anti-acid preparation they will remove most inveterate chronic diseases, even in cases where mercury has been unsuccessfully administered.

VEGETABLE BILLIOUS PILLS.

The reputation of these Pills stands unrivalled for the cure of nervous or Bilious headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia and all disorders of the stomach: they are so compounded as to be slow in their operation, but after they have thoroughly operated upon the stomach and bowels, one or two pills is sufficient [illegible] stomach and bowels from any impurities, and in their operation gave new life and vigor to the digestive org[illegible]

ANTI-ACID [illegible] ALTERATIVE [illegible]ARIAN.

The [illegible] widely used for sweetness and wind in the stomach, [illegible] for the cure of nervous irritability and hy[illegible] and apoplexy, &c.

COUGH MIXTURE.

The reputation of this mixture stands unrivalled for the cure of all coughs proceeding from colds, asthma, chronic catarrh, influenza and inflammation of the lungs or pleura, and chronic affections of the liver, which frequently produce consumption. It is decidedly the best medicine ever discovered for the cure of the whooping cough.

COMPOUND STRENGTHENING PLASTER.

All who have used this plaster have found it to be a sure remedy for pain or weakness in the stomach, back, side, chest, loins, muscles, joints, &c., and for lung and liver complaints, coughs, colds, asthma, rheumatism, &c.

HEMORRHOIDAL, OR PILE POWDER.

This medicine may be relied upon to give immediate relief, and its use persevered in, will effect a certain cure of this truly painful and troublesome disease. This specific has been tried by the proprietor in his practice for more than fourteen years, and he has never known an instance where it has failed to effect a cure. Try it.

Ointment for the cure of the Itch and all other cutaneous

ERUPTIONS.

This ointment is a safe and efficacious remedy for the cure of the Itch and all cutaneous eruptions, and for a scald head, one of the worst of humors.

It is a sure remedy for sores and humors upon the face with which children are afflicted, curing without leaving a scar, observing in all cases to take according to accompanying directions, the anti eruptive or cooling powder.

ANTI-ERUPTIVE OR COOLING POWEER.

A sure remedy for inflammation of the blood or other fluids from which proceeds the St. Anthony's Fire, Salt Rheum, and other eruptions of the skin.

Agents—Oxford County.

Paris, J. C. MARBLE; Norway, J. Crockett; Oxford, J. Wilson; New Mills, S. Lane; Peru, Wm. Walker, Brock & Co.; Rockfield, S. Bridgham, N. Harlow; Canton, J. M. Dodge; Turner, Wm. Bird, S. B. Holt; Woodstock, D. H. Bamford, Ross & Adams; Livermore, Bretton & Washburn; Rumford, J. H. Wardwell, J. Graham; Dixfield, C. L. Chase; Mexico, J. M. Dolloff, Holman, L. S. Bumpus; Minot, J. Parsons; Bethel, Kimball & Crocker, H. Holt, 2d; West Bethel, H. Ward; Newry, N. P. Ryerson; Hanover, M. W. Kimball; Rumford Point, O. C. Bolster; Peru, L. Bolster; Auburn, C. S. Packard.—Oct. 28, 1844.—ep1y

GREAT

ENGLISH REMEDY

For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE great and only remedy for Colds, Coughs Asthma, and Consumption, is the HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE, discovered by the celebrated Dr. Buchan, of London, England, and introduced into the United States under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

The extraordinary success of this medicine, in the cure of Pulmonary Diseases, induces the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the WORST POSSIBLE CASES that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished Physicians, as *Confirmed and Incurable*. The Hungarian Balsam has cured and will cure the *most desperate of Cases*. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established virtues.

Every [illegible] should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, [illegible] Pectoral Syrup, [illegible] Pectoral Lozenges, [illegible] Pectoral Snuff, [illegible] Pectoral Ointment, [illegible] Pectoral Plaster, [illegible] Pectoral Pills, [illegible] Pectoral Tincture, [illegible] Pectoral Drops, [illegible] Pectoral Tea, [illegible] Pectoral Powders, [illegible] Pectoral Cordial, [illegible] Pectoral Elixir, [illegible] Pectoral Liniment, [illegible] Pectoral Wafers, [illegible] Pectoral Troches, [illegible] Pectoral Essence, [illegible] Pectoral Ether, [illegible] Pectoral Cerate, [illegible] Pectoral Gargle, [illegible] Pectoral Lotion, [illegible] Pectoral Fever, [illegible] Pectoral Ague, [illegible] Pectoral Asthma, [illegible] Pectoral Rheumatism, [illegible] Pectoral Neuralgia, [illegible] Pectoral Erysipelas, [illegible] Pectoral General Debility, [illegible] Pectoral Scrofula, in large bottles [illegible] with directions for the restoration [illegible]

Pamphlets, containing [illegible] American certificates, and other evidence of the unparalleled results of this great Anglican Remedy, may be obtained of the Agent, gratuitously.

DAVID T. BRADLEE, sole Agent for the United States, 119 Court-street, Boston.

Agents.

Paris, M. Hammond; Norway, Hall & Dow; Bethel, Grover & Burbank; Turner, John Blake; Dixfield, Charles P. Chase; Peland, Wm. Cousins, Harrison, H. Blake;—Rumford, J. H. Wardwell; Portland, Edward Mason.

June 3, 1845. 1y4

BLANKS.

A good assortment of BLANKS may be found at

B. WALTON'S
BOOK-STORE,

PARIS-HILL, Me. opposite the Stage House.

Among which are

Town Orders,	Warrantee Deeds,
Justice Writs,	Mortgage do.
Court do.	Quitclaim do.
Justice Executions.	Administrator's do.
Bill of Sale,	Guardian's do.
Sheriffs' Sale,	Mortgage on personal property,
Sheriffs' Returns,	Poor Debtor's Oath,
Bail Bonds,	Highway Surveyors Bills,
Marriage Certificates,	

and many others which are in common use. Persons in want of blanks, of any kind, call and see

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,

Deputy Sheriff, & Coroner,

PARIS HILL, OXFORD COUNTY.

☞ All business by Mail, or otherwise, promptly attended to.

Feb 14 1842. 41